

Butch Baiting

by April Miller

I love to make you sweat.

We don't see each other often, but when we do I make sure to lay my hand on your arm, just so. My touch is soft and light. Just firm enough to feel your muscles clench. I watch your hands ball up into fists.

Poor baby, you're fighting it.

I lean in close enough for you to catch my scent, feel my heat. I brush against you with my breasts. "Accidentally" graze your back with my nipples. I like it. I like the feel of you. I like it when you flinch, and start to tremble.

Poor butch. Poor big touch butch. I know you're getting wet, getting hard. Sitting trapped between two femmes, between your girlfriend and the feel of my tits, you're trying to play it cool.

Cold. Hard. Stone. Butch.

"Dance with me." I watch the sweat break out on your forehead. Watch you wait for your girlfriend's nod of permission.

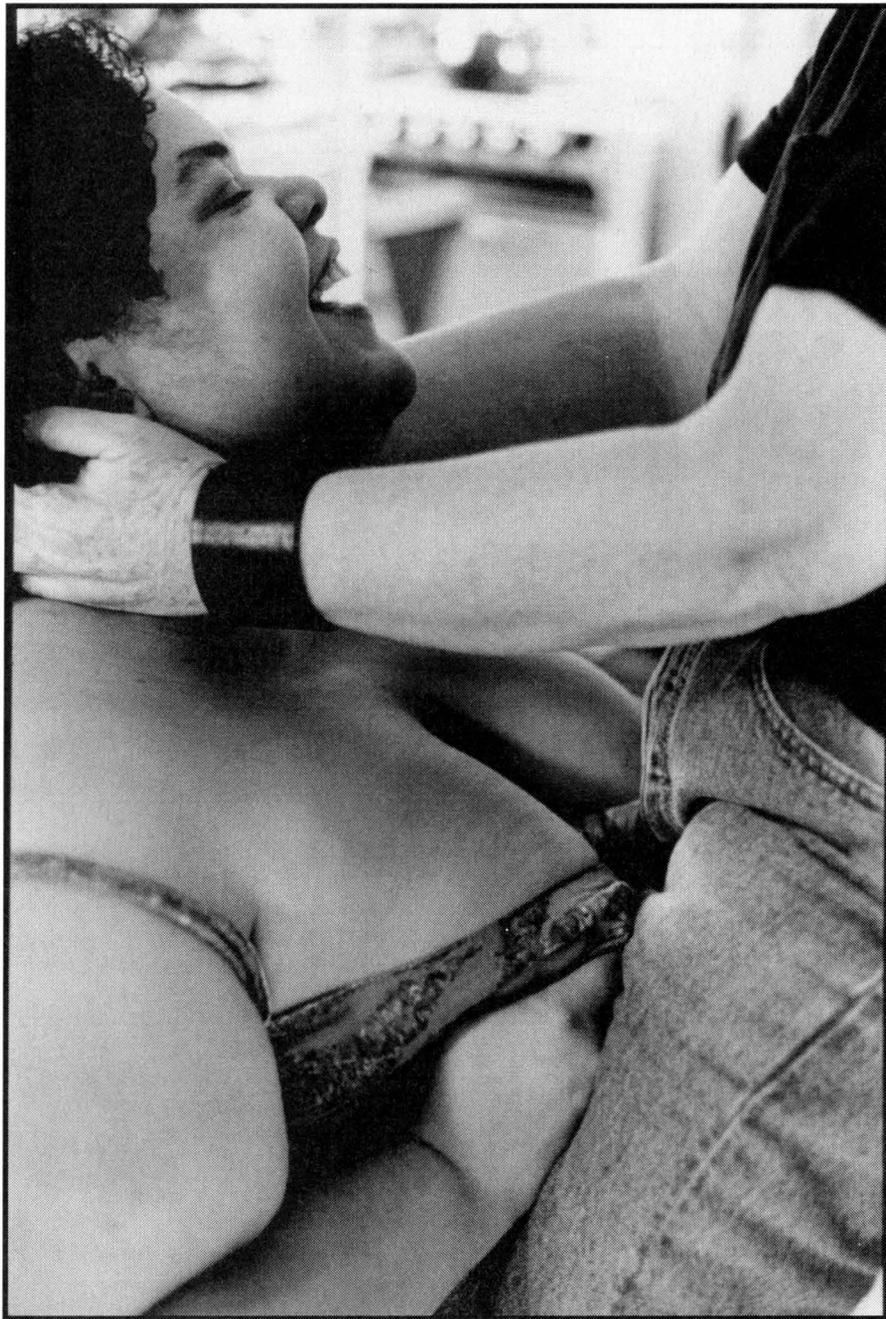
Don't fool yourself girl, she knows.

I grasp your hand. You respond to my pull, follow me to the dance floor. I know you are watching the sway of my hips. Feeling the tap of my heels on your clit.

We move into a field of gyrating bodies, the illusion of privacy. I slide my hands up your chest, over your shoulders, drape my hands around the back of your neck and then—while I stare into your eyes as my fingertips glide through the buzz-cut hair at the nape of your neck—you finally reach out with your large, capable hands and hold me. Press me to you, belly, breasts, thighs.



photos by Laura Johnson, model's April & Sally



You're giving in.

I slide a little sideways and press my leg into your pussy, feel the damp heat of you there. Feel the stiffness and hunger of the erection you never wear in public. I stroke my fingers along the bulge of your thigh, cup you in my hand and listen to you gasp for breath. I feel your hips push insistently against mine.

I know what we want.

I watch your face as I toy with the buttons on your jeans. I kiss you once and when I feel you push your tongue past my closed lips I grab hold, suck it deep into my mouth. I torment it with my lips and teeth, work it like it's your cock I'm devouring.

When you break the kiss I unbutton your fly. Reach in and free your manhood, your hunger. I drop to my knees and rub your erection with my face, stroke it with my nose and hair. I take your balls behind my teeth. Suck on them, twirl my tongue around them and then let go. Glide my tongue up and down the length of your shaft, around and over the tip. I flick my tongue lightly at the indentation there until you press between my parted lips, through my mouth. Until you pound yourself deep into my throat.

I want you to grab my hair and fuck my face until you're screaming with pleasure. 'Til I am so hot and wet and open that when you slide out of my mouth and push me onto my back on the floor,

when you slowly pull my miniskirt up to my hips and discover my bare pussy framed by black garters and stockings, when you finally spread my legs and settle your stocky, muscular body between them, when you FINALLY enter me with one hard, practiced thrust of your pelvis, I can take it.

I want to take you. Take your cock and squeeze it with my pussy. Moan and sigh when you bite my neck and pinch my nipples. Gouge your back with my nails and beg you to fuck me until you lose all control and thrust us into an orgasm in which we shatter into tiny pieces and lay trembling on the floor.

Until the song ends.

I unhook my fingers from your hair. You drop your gaze and step back to remove your thigh from my cunt, my cunt from your thigh. We pretend not to notice the girl-slime on your pants. Your erect nipples, shortness of breath.

It's true, I dance sleazy with everyone.

But as I watch you walk back and sit down next to your girlfriend I know that you're going to have sex with her tonight. She'll put on frilly underwear and spread her legs for her big man.

And inside you'll be calling my name. ✨